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AT HER DOOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CLIO STANLEY.

Shining, bright, shining, bright,
Where the sunbeams bright are shining,
Where the sunbeams bright are shining,
Up to meet the dawn;
Where the sunbeams bright are shining,
Where the sunbeams bright are shining,
Where the sunbeams bright are shining,
At the open door;

There with cheeks red-rimmed with blush,
Brows hair bright with sunset shades,
In and out among the shrubs
My voice would ring;
While the merry wind-wind whistles
Her light locks, her light foot crushes
Leaf and flower; and evening hushes
All to rest repose.

O, to be thus sweetly sleeping,
With the low winds softly sweeping,
And the waves forever leaping,
West beside my door;
Sweet all golden for the morning,
Treasures unto treasure leaping,
Tops of joyful youth's sun-beaming
Chains and sorrows!

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK,"
"VIOLET; OR, THE WARDEN OF KINGS-
WOOD CHASE," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

PLAYING AT CROSS PURPOSES.

Gabrielle Lestrade, after quitting her cousin, glided stealthily to the apartment of her aunt.

There was a smile upon her small red lips, and it was not a ruffled smile—not a ripple of annoyance upon her features.

She found Mrs. Alvanley Robsby just completing the purchase of a "flying leaper," a hunter which possessed all the requisites necessary, and which she had bought for the purpose of the severest and roughest character, but to keep up the rattling pace of the best trained pack of hounds in the kingdom during the continuance of a long run, with the scent lying as well as it possibly could.

There was an expression of triumph on the yet young and handsome face of Mrs. Alvanley Robsby as Gabrielle joined her, and she heard her say, with unaffected self-gratulation—

"Mark Jarrett's Daisy triumphs over me no more."

Gabrielle glanced at her blooming aunt, who looked the very type of a beautiful Diana—in the attire of to-day, by the way—and her lip moved with a faint curl of contempt.

"Aunt dear," she exclaimed, in her choicest silvery tones, "are you not afflicted with Mark Jarrett's Daisy on the brain?"

"I am afflicted with the conviction that I am second in an accomplishment in which it is my quality to be first, Belle," she replied, with some little sentiment; "and I will be first, I will regain supreme, Mark Jarrett's Daisy or a broken neck notwithstanding."

"Why concern yourself with a person—a creature—a nobody like the young woman with a nickname?" inquired Gabrielle, with well-affected amazement.

"A nobody!" repeated Mrs. Alvanley, with a laugh of scornful derision. "Why, there is not a peer at the cover side who does not carry her reputation in the hunt."

"Of course, she shines as a horsewoman, that is undoubted," returned Gabrielle, cautiously, for she knew that it was tender ground to speak superlatively of feminine excellence in equestrianism in her aunt's hearing; "but, nevertheless, she is a very common person."

Mrs. Robsby turned sharply to her niece, and with eyes that flashed brightly, she said—

"You have not seen her?"

"No," replied Gabrielle, raising her shoulders; "and with a derisive smile, she added, 'Further, I have a strong impression that I have no desire to do so.'"

"You will have, Belle," her aunt rejoined, in her turn, with a short, significant laugh. "Wherefore, my sweet child?" she interrupted, with a show of real surprise.

She cared nothing for a reputation in the field, and she could not conceive why she should have the smallest inclination to see one whom she believed to be a stupid, squabbling, vulgar, vulgar girl.

"Well, upon one ground, if no other," returned Mrs. Robsby, still laughing. "She has turned the brain of one of your admirers."

"One of my admirers," repeated Gabrielle, looking up with an amused, mystified look; "I did not know that I had one—"

"Who could be supposed from his alligiance by Mark Jarrett's Daisy," interposed Mrs. Robsby, displaying her white teeth in a mocking way. "I will name one—the young Earl of Marston."

Gabrielle started, and a faint blue tinge overspread her face and neck, yet she laughed. "I fancied the Earl was too fastidious to admire me," she said, slowly; "but Mark Jarrett's Daisy—oh!" she added, contemptuously.

"In the most charming, beautiful, lady-like, sympathetic girl I have ever seen," responded Mrs. Robsby, with something like enthusiasm. "Why, she looks as she flies over bold and fallow, brook and hedge, the very incarnation of spirit and beauty—an elf, a fay, a hamadryad."

"Quite an enchantress," observed Gabrielle, white still, as Mrs. Robsby passed to her room.

"Quite," rejoined her aunt, quickly. "Even Colonel Waldron, cold, cynical, not easily touched, he professes, by female charms, confesses to her manifold attractions."

"Colonel Waldron!" exclaimed Gabrielle, in a sharper tone than was her wont. There was, too, a lurid flash in her eye as she spoke. She turned her lip upward so as to exhibit her teeth.

"He, too, fascinated by this wonder?" she questioned, disdainfully. "It was rather evident that, though she affected coldness and imperturbability, she could feel, and heartily too."

Mrs. Robsby seemed pleased to have moved her, for, glancing at her beneath her eyebrows, she enquired—

"Fascinated as much as he is capable, I think, of being fascinated by a young and lovely girl. I have an impression that he knows more about her than he chooses to acknowledge. I heard him tell Marston that the Daisy was well educated and accomplished, as a kind of supplement to a confession the Earl had made of having provided in the immediate vicinity of Jarrett's Grange, and of being so fortunate as to hear the young lady sing divinely as arie out of a favorite opera."

Gabrielle appeared to be dazed by this information; but by an effort of self-control she displayed a degree of equanimity which did not quite harmonize with the emotion she had a moment before betrayed.

She, however, with a consciousness that she was driving a stab well home, observed, after a moment's silence—

"I presume this personage incites in her brain my Lord Belvoir?"

Mrs. Robsby started, a crimson flush overspread her cheek, then a deadly paleness followed, for a stern voice close to them exclaimed, haughtily—

"What of Lord Belvoir?"

Belle turned—Gabrielle as if startled; but she did not move. She never screamed. Before them stood Mr. Robsby, looking pale and ill, and gloomy. He glanced from one to the other, and repeated his question in an almost fierce tone.

Mrs. Robsby moved with an air of dignity to the window.

"Gabrielle mentioned the name, I did not," she responded, coldly.

Gabrielle dropped her eyelids, and in a soft, sweet, simple voice, that appeared to have nothing concealed beneath it, observed, as if in explanation—

"Oh, uncle, dear, you quite made my heart leap into my mouth. You teased so softly, and appear so abruptly, I shall be tempted to call you the Phantom of Fairholme Priory."

Her uncle regarded her steadfastly, without heeding her words, and repeated his question.

"You named Lord Belvoir. What of that man?"

"Nothing—nothing, I assure you, dear uncle. I used his name only on the very faintest assumption," she answered, in a subdued tone.

"What assumption?" pursued Mr. Robsby, in the same stern manner.

"The truth is, uncle, and I was speaking of a peer—a young lady of whom I am sure you have never heard," returned Gabrielle, with what seemed to be childish candor, yet was commensurate acting. "You are such a perfect redoubt. You confine yourself to your library, and to your circle of acquaintances, so studiously that you cannot have the least knowledge of what is going on in the world without."

"You are speaking of Lord Belvoir. I request you, Gabrielle Lestrade, to repeat to me what you were making of that man's name," persisted Mr. Robsby, almost fiercely.

of beauty. This dandelion has taken swains of all kinds by storm, and I assumed that Lord Belvoir, who is devoted to the sports of the field, in which she shines a perfect marvel, must have fallen a victim to her extraordinary attractions, as a matter of course."

"What is her name?" demanded Mr. Robsby, as if by no means satisfied with the reply.

"Jarrett is, I think, her not very musical patronymic," answered Gabrielle, with a glance at her aunt, who still stood at the window, tapping on one of the panes with the tips of thumbs and fingers.

"Jarrett," repeated Mr. Robsby, staring at her as if the name had chilled him from head to foot.

"Yes, uncle, Mark Jarrett, of Jarrett's Grange, by the Hazelbrook. The fair maiden of the hunting-field is known as Mark Jarrett's Daisy."

It is impossible to describe the change which passed over Mr. Robsby's frame while Gabrielle was speaking. He became a ghastly white, and a tremor seemed to pass over his limbs, and then to leave him a mere paragon of ice.

"Mark Jarrett!" he muttered, with tremulous hesitancy. "Mark Jarrett! Mark Jarrett's Grange! Where—where does it stand?" he interrogated her, like one talking in his sleep.

"Oh, some miles from this," pursued Gabrielle, without observing the extraordinary alteration in his countenance and manner, for her thoughts were busy about herself and Colonel Waldron, Mark Jarrett's Daisy and the Earl of Marston. "It is a shocking old place, and there the man Jarrett lives with his daughter."

"His daughter—his daughter!" Mr. Robsby repeated, vacantly. "What daughter? He has no child. I know that—I know that!"

"Who on earth is she, if not Mark Jarrett's child?" cried Gabrielle, a little excitedly. She was interested in the wondrous sudden turning out of a moment's sight. "Auntie, you enlighten us on the point. Do come, there's a darling, empty. Uncle says that the extraordinary Wild Flower of Hazelbrook is not Mark Jarrett's daughter. What do you say?"

But auntie did not appear to hear her. She still stood gazing through the window-panes upon the broad glades and smooth slopes in the park without, and made no reply.

Mr. Robsby turned an uneasy look upon her, and a grim expression passed over his features. He drew a deep breath, and then slowly moved towards her.

He addressed her in tones which betrayed rather painfully that some very strong feelings were at war with each other in his breast.

"You have seen in the hunting-field the man Jarrett of whom we have been speaking, Belle?" he said, slowly.

"He turned her face to his with an inquiring look."

"No," she answered, with unhesitating decision.

"You are quite sure?"

"Quite! He has never shown himself; but he has provided himself with a very remarkable substitute in the person of his daughter."

"It is impossible. He has no child," interrupted Mr. Robsby, vehemently.

"How know you, Alvanley?"

"How do I know? How? Do you ask me?" Pressing his hand to his temple, as if seized with a sudden faintness, he added— "That is—this man may not be—one I had some knowledge of—in years—long past."

"This Mark Jarrett was formerly known as Jarrett of Chilgrove, I have heard," rejoined his wife.

A sound came from Mr. Robsby's lips like a hoarse cry of pain, but he strove to keep down his inward agony with a strong effort.

He turned away and paced the room for a minute, then pausing abruptly before his wife, who was regarding him with a solicitous curiosity, he said, quickly—

"You do not know this from information acquired long since?"

"I was told so but recently," she answered, looking him firmly in the face. "And the name of your informant?"

"Lord Belvoir," she replied, in clear, round tones.

A sound again escaped his lips as if she had stabbed him. He staggered back and clutched his hands.

"And you dare to repeat that name to me?" he exclaimed, with glittering eyes.

"To any one," she answered, with proud hauteur. "In front of the altar, where I stood with you—in the face of heaven, and before my son."

He pressed both his hands on his breast, as if to force down, not only the throbbing pain he was enduring, but to repress a thousand words that were struggling to obtain precedence of utterance.

Gabrielle, at the same time, as if with a view to avert a scene, although that was hardly her design, said, hastily—

"Oh, gracious! Auntie dear, Wilfred has returned to the Priory."

"When?" demanded Mrs. Robsby, with extreme eagerness.

"He arrived last night. He said that he walked over Black Down, was caught in a thunderstorm, and lost his way," responded Gabrielle, she glanced at Mr. Robsby.

"He looks so well and handsome, made, you will be quite proud of him," she added, with pretended verve.

Mr. Robsby passed his hand over his forehead. Then he fixed his eyes on Gabrielle, and taking her hand, he said, in a voice of tenderness, very different to any he had yet used—

"His coming, Gabrielle, reminds me of a matter which should have occupied my attention some time since, but it shall not be permitted to remain in abeyance any longer. It is time, indeed, that I set my household in order. Where is Wilfred?"

"Ah, where is my pet, Willy?" repeated Mrs. Robsby, with a light, joyous, ringing laugh. "He shall accompany me to the hunt next week, there will be a large field. He shall see the estimation in which his mother is held, and whether her name is not one which the proudest there delighteth to honor. He shall see—"

Mark Jarrett's Daisy," abruptly suggested Gabrielle, sarcastically.

A scarlet flush mounted to the brow of Mr. Robsby. The arched hand he touched her on a tender place. In her turn her lip curled scornfully.

"He shall see Mark Jarrett's Daisy," she said, with a kind of bitter emphasis. "He shall see her in all her beauty, in all her brightness, in the full tide of her pride, and he shall see her pride, at last, have its fall."

"This is mere madness," cried Mr. Robsby, with passionate vehemence. "Where is Wilfred?"

"I left him in the primrose room at breakfast. I told him, auntie dear, that I would come hither and apprise you of his arrival," replied Gabrielle.

As you have done with all the enthusiasm of a fanatic, eh, Belle," rejoined Mrs. Robsby, with a very peculiar look at her.

"As a fanatic," repeated Mr. Robsby, rapidly, to himself. "Ay, it is well thought of."

He rang a bell sharply, and a footman appeared to answer it at the expiration of the usual course of an hour, and after his master had rung for him four times at least, the last time almost breaking the bell-wire.

"Send Mr. Wilfred to me—here," exclaimed Mr. Robsby angrily.

"Send him to me instantly," interrupted Mr. Robsby, imperatively.

The man disappeared, and during his absence a silence, unbroken by either of the party, was maintained. The thoughts of some of them were without breathing fear. Presently a knock at the room door was followed by the entrance of the small groom, who instantly touched his forehead, and addressed himself to Mrs. Robsby, as if he knew of no other employer.

"What me, my lady?" he said, respectfully.

"We want Mr. Wilfred. Where did you leave him, Tibbels?" she rejoined, quickly.

"This side of figure Shelley's fir woods. He sent me back, if you please, my lady, and rode on by himself," answered the groom, with a gesture of respect.

"Did he say how long he should be gone—when he would return?" demanded Mr. Robsby, in a tone of disappointment.

"No, if you please, sir," returned the groom, unconscious that he was about to discharge a tremendous shell into Mr. Robsby's camp. "He would know about Mark Jarrett's Grange. I told him what I know'd about it, and he's rid over there, I believe, sir."

"No! no! no!" cried Mr. Robsby, in a tone of fright. "Raddle me a horse! Raddle me the best and fastest horse in the stable! I must overtake him! It is more than his life is worth to cross that man's threshold."

With that he rushed out of the room, followed by the groom, leaving Mrs. Robsby and Gabrielle in undisturbed and terrified astonishment.

CHAPTER V.
DISCOVERY OF THE WILD FLOWER.

Wilfred, having cleared a gate which guarded a pathway, evidently a private mode of access to the house beyond, found plenty of sword, rank and long, to gallop his horse over, and deaden the sound of his feet.

There was not much time to think, for the wild, ringing scream—one certainly of terror, but equally one of exceeding agony—had curdled his blood, although, at the same time, it animated him with an instant desire to play the part of a champion, and do battle with any amount of ruffians, who had given bitter cause to that young orphan's maiden to peel forth her piteous cry for succor.

He therefore, urged his horse to the part whence he was certain the sharp crack of the gun and the sudden piercing shriek had arisen.

To his vexation, he found that the pathway was shiftily contrived to be circuitous, concealed, within a very few strides from the house and from the entrance, and threatened to prove like the long, narrow lane he had traversed with so much exercise to his mind, like a box constrictor in swift pursuit of prey, but unlike that slithering reptile, without an end—at least, where it would be to the advantage of his present object to find it situated.

What was equally embarrassing, the most perfect stillness prevailed. Not a sound, scarce the rustle of a leaf or the twitter of a bird. Nothing but long, dark, broad-leaved grass, and mossy, damp, black mold beneath it, and foliage around and above him of a dark purple tint—as if every leaf had been steeped in blood and had dried a horrid, smother, murthery tint.

Nevertheless, he did not check his horse until the course he was passing over divided into two narrow avenues, each exactly alike, and neither disclosing night but that each might be the entrance to a bewildering maze.

He pulled up at this disconcerting fork, alighted, fastened his horse securely to a tree, and then listened breathlessly for some sound to guide him.

Listened to nothing but the peculiar moaning him of the wind, as it moved gently through the trees, to the crackle of a falling leaf or creak of a frog, who had unexpectedly discovered an intruder on his domain.

All was sadly, dimly, depressingly still, and he began to imagine that the report of the gun and the scream were an inexplicable comedy of his fancy.

Then he turned his eyes to the respective pathways, to see which was the most barren of the two, and determined to take it if he could discover it.

He bent down in the ground, and moving the grass, discovered the footstep of a thoroughbred horse, small, and beautifully shod.

Not so much as a horse, but a lady's hoof riding upon the softest and finest. Such a clear little gleam of a footstep.

They began leaping in the ground, and went they be on the hard road, and then a gentle, which seemed on it it would seem to have been a child, and then the footstep of a child, and then one of the size which he supposed was possessed by Mark Jarrett's Daisy.

For that it was her given he did not for an instant doubt.

At once he placed it in that lower road in the heart of his body, and, beneath where it is situated the heart beats, and he moved never to part with it—least, not until after he had filled his eyes with its light, and in all probability, his heart.

He had not returned his correct progress when he was made to leap from the ground by a second sudden shot, a hoarse cry, and another shrill shriek.

Then he ran onward with the swiftness of an Indian.

He came in the abruptest manner possible upon a wing of a building of massive character, and by no means entitled to the name of "Grange." It was built of rough-hewn stones, grey, moss-covered, and solitary.

At these characteristics he did not pause. Whether it had been erected by the architects of a remote age, or was from the design of the successful architect for the last century, in his built as some notable day in the future, he did not seem to care. He found a black cat on the ground, looking open, and growing his paws with the step well upwards, looking to the left.

What purpose he thought, what object he intended, he did not know. All he knew of it was that he heard a man's voice, hoarse, and a woman's—just a girl's voice, trembling with every syllable.

Then he was at a door which stood slightly ajar, so he heard a man's voice, hoarse, and a woman's—just a girl's voice, trembling with every syllable.

Keep the girl still, Jack! Don't let her squint about like a green cat on a wall. Squint, her about the girl as you would a goose, if she will squat."

As the last words were leaving the lips of the speaker, Jack found what he thought to be a couple of strong iron "nails" prying into his "gullet," and squeezing it with fearful tightness, as if he were a goose whose time had come.

Also, he became conscious of a third upon his forehead between the eyes, which made him observe a mystic spark in a gray mist before him.

And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

It was not the work of a moment. A young girl, struggling in the arms of a man with a most forbidding aspect, was released from her horrid thrall, and that was all.

For, in a corner, bound tightly to a chair, sat an elderly man, and in front of him were three stalwart ruffians, who were subjecting him to the "question," in order that he should confide to them the secret resting-place of his coffers, that they might appropriate them, and convert them to purposes of their own personal and sensual gratification.

Will would have taken in long draughts with his eyes of the face and attire of the young lady he had set free, but the three men, perceiving that their companion still friend had been placed hors de combat by a gentleman, who made his appearance before them alone, and remained even a groom of "three-foot four," immediately provided him with extremely active occupation.

That is to say, garnishing their voracious remarks with hideous epithets, they set upon him together, in order to make sure work with him, for having an officially intruded upon their private avocations.

The smallest penalty they promised him for his interference was beating out his brains, and cutting his throat.

Will, however, felt the greatest possible interest. "In the subsequent proceedings," he found his whip, not only a serviceable, but a formidable weapon, until his assailants armed themselves with chairs, as likely to prevail over a whip.

And here the story, so far as Will is concerned with it, would have ended, but that the young lady continued her shrieks, the old man shouted as lustily as he could, and in answer a pair of feet were heard clattering up the stairs without, the door burst suddenly open, and a firm, manly voice cried, lustily—

"Hold off, you! I'll shoot every man of you if you move."

Down came a chair with a heavy crash within an inch of Will's head, just missing it, as he leaped lightly aside, and instantly there followed a red-hot flash of fire, a loud, deafening "bang," a howl of agony, and a strong smell of gunpowder.

Will turned his eyes upon the new-comer, and beheld, to his surprise, his gamekeeper-looking informant of the lane.

He stood as firmly as if he had been carved in stone. He had brought down his man with a charge of No. 6 shot, as Will had done with the crop of his riding-whip, but he had also got number two thief covered with the muzzle of his second barrel, and was promising him, in those tones of decision which, as a rule, people who hear them are not inclined to doubt, that he would deposit all the shot therein contained, every corn, in his—well, throat—if he did not acknowledge that the battle was ended, and that he was a prisoner.

AUNT TABITHA.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Whatever I do and whatever I say,
Aunt Tabitha tells me that I'm not the way;
When she says a girl (or young man) is
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear aunt! If I only would take her advice!
But I like my own way, and I find it as true
And I find it as true as I can find it to be;
But they will all come back to me—some I can find.

If a youth comes by, it may happen, no doubt,
He may chance to look in at a chance to look out;
But I will never venture on an important door—
It is better, I think, to let them go.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasures, I own,
But it is not the way to get into a room;
For I have seen a young man—just for safety, you know—
But Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

How much we say, and how good they were then!
They had at our length those delectable men!
What an era of virtue and of a virtuous man!
What a time of virtue and of a virtuous man!

If the moon were as wished, I'll ask my page,
How he would proceed to my darling's chamber;
What he would do to get into my darling's room!
What he would do to get into my darling's room!

I am thinking if I must have a little of it,
And how grand—and it seems so—how charmingly
And how girls of to-day are so frightfully bad!

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can;
Let me stand where Aunt Tabitha's seat used to be;
Though when to the altar a victim I go,
Aunt Tabitha will tell me she never did so!

—Aunt Tabitha.

PEMBERTON;
OR,
One Hundred Years Ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY HENRY PETERSON.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
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brarian of Congress, at Washington.]

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

How went the battle?

We did not all that we set out to do,
But then we gave the bravest enemy
A good account of it.

We availed ourselves of this pause in our
narrative, to sketch in a few words the main
features of the battle which came so unex-
pectedly, like a summer thunderstorm, upon
Col. Mungraves and his fair visitors.

Lying on the Germantown or Shippen
road, at a distance of about six miles from
Philadelphia, the village of Germantown
stretched in a line of scattered stone houses,
for the distance of about two miles, in a
no-theoretical direction.

Across the centre of the village, where the
road was widest for the crossing of the
market house, the British army lay stretched
like some huge bird of prey—some vulture,
or some condor of the desert—measuring
about four miles from the tip of one huge
wing on the New York road, to the tip of the
other on the Schuylkill road.

But the weight of the body lay in the
centre, directly in and around the market
place, where its iron beak and talons—in the
shape of a splendid park of artillery—were
lying ready to tear and rend whenever the
occasion offered.

In front, to secure the army against sur-
prise, was a detachment of light infantry at
Mount Airy, and the Fortieth regiment,
under Col. Mungraves, at Chew's House—
with other detachments in equally available
positions.

The British force had been weakened by
the detachment of three thousand men, com-
prising the elite of the army, to garrison
Philadelphia, and make good the hearts of
the loyal in that important city. Another
force also had been detached against the
American defenses on the Delaware.

All aware of these movements, after having
been himself reinforced by fresh troops from
New Jersey and Maryland, Washington
determined to strike a blow at Sir William
Howe, even in the midst of his famed
security.

The plan of the American attack was well
conceived and daring. It was to make a
night march, to cut off the British sentries
before daylight at the advanced post at
Mount Airy, so that they could not give the
alarm to break like a tornado upon the
Light Infantry and Col. Mungraves's reg-
iment, driving them as chaff before the wind
—and thus fall upon the British main line at
the centre of the town, while it was wholly or
partially unprepared.

Gen. Greene was to co-operate with this
movement, by marching down the Lincolnton
road, which led to the front of the British
right wing, to take it also unprepared, and
drive all before him to the same central
point, the market place. Then the right
wing would either be divided or broken, the
entire overwhelmed by sheer weight of num-
bers, and the left wing thrown back against
the Schuylkill river, with a victorious army
between it and Philadelphia, and doomed to
surrender at discretion.

The plan was an admirable one, and only
needed good soldiers, good fortune and a
rapid execution. But the night was dark,
the roads were bad, and by the time the at-
tack was to be begun, day had dawned, and
the British sentries were awake and stir-
ring. Captain M'Intosh, to whose daring
enterprise had been intrusted the duty of
quietly capturing or killing the pickets, failed
to effect his purpose. The alarm was given,
and soon the threefold pieces at Mount
Airy commenced their alarm to the whole
British camp. Where, better than ever
from the shades of his recent midnight de-
feat, pressed on dauntlessly with his brigade
of Pennsylvania—his soldiers shouting to
one another, "Remember Paoli!"—but they
were not of the same cheerful mood; and the
British advanced with tardy steps, and the
front of them, knowing well the importance
of time, maintained to the full the
ancient reputation of their arms. Forced
back upon Mungraves, after half an hour's
hard fighting, the latter also soon yielded
ground, and found himself in the stone
maneuver of Judge Chew, harried by its
lower doors and windows, and keeping up a
heavy fire from the second story, the roof,
and the outbuildings; while the remnant of
the light infantry, pursued remorselessly by

Wayne's maddened soldiery, fled down the
road towards the main body.

To add to the difficulties of the assailants,
a heavy mist had arisen, which combined
with the smoke of the battle, rendered all
objects obscure at the distance of a few
yards, and prevented the commanders from
knowing the position of their various corps
and regiments.

Wayne had pressed on after the British,
down the main road towards the market
house, but when Conway's corps came up,
it halted and joined those who were engaged in
the assault upon Mungraves.

At this moment upon the Sullivan, at the
head of his brigade, and with him the Com-
mander-in-Chief and his staff, with General
Knox, of the artillery.

"What is this?" asked Washington.

"He might well ask, for nothing could be
seen, though the bullets were whistling all
around them, and a return fire, accompanied
by shouts, could be heard from the other
side of the stone wall which lined the road."

"A party of British have thrown themselves
into a large stone house, about a hundred
yards from the road, and we are trying to
dislodge them."

"Wait a moment till I bring up my can-
non," said Gen. Knox, a very corpulent but
withal active man, with an animated, recu-
lente face.

"This is madness!" broke in one of Wash-
ington's aids, a small, handsome and fiery
young man, called at that day by some "the
fistful," but afterwards known as one of the
winest of statesmen and ablest of finan-
ciers—Hamilton the Immortal!

"It would be madness to leave a fort in
our rear, to cut off our line of communica-
tion," replied Knox. "That is against one
of the first maxims of military science."

"A fort!" echoed Hamilton disdainfully.
"Leave a regiment here to watch them, but
our time is too precious to waste in bat-
tling down houses."

"Yes, but who knows that the British are
not marching up through the fields on the
other side, and in force, to their support,"
interposed Sullivan. "They would take us
then in flank and rear."

"All turned to the commander. "Perhaps,"
said he, "while we stand here considering
an earnest attack upon their rear, and
settle the question to please all of us. We
have to decide at a venture, for we can see
nothing in this mist. Major White, cannot
you take a party, and force the main door?"

"Or fire the doors and shutters?" sug-
gested Hamilton.

Major White, reputed to be the hand-
somest man in the army, as he had been
previously in the ball-rooms of Philadelphia,
smiled proudly as he answered—

"I will try, General."

Knox rode off rapidly, notwithstanding, to
bring up his cannon.

Major White dashed against the door, it
was already riddled with musket bullets, but
he had been strongly barricaded, and his men
dropped off rapidly beneath the constant fire
from the upper windows.

Then he had some pieces of rails and other
light stuff collected, and darted forward
again alone, with a bag of these, a bundle
of straw, and a lighted torch. Sheltered
under the eaves of the doorway, while his
men poured a steady rain of balls into
the upper windows, he might have suc-
ceeded—but a shot from a cellar window
struck him, and he staggered back off the
steps, and fell mortally wounded upon the
ground.

By this time Knox had got a field-piece in
position—but his heaviest guns were six
pounders, and while his balls went through
the walls of the house, they made no open-
ing by which a foe could enter.

A half hour had been wasted in Washing-
ton had sat quietly upon his horse, listening to
the reports his aids had brought him, seem-
ingly unconscious of the storm of bullets
raging around, until in compliance with
General Sullivan's repeated importunities,
he shifted his position a little out of the
range of the heaviest fire.

"Hamilton was right," said he at length,
"as he is apt to be. But, as we have re-
mained this long, suppose we try a sum-
mer's end of a detour, and make a dash
—have a parley baston, and a flag of truce
sent in."

Unfortunate order. The American ad-
vance, while this attack was going on,
had dashed against the British centre, but
had been repulsed by the detour of the British
Wayne had penetrated to the Market Square;
Greene, with the left wing, had forced his
way nearly to the same point; but the British
were recovering from the first shock, were
bringing up regiments from the left and rear,
and the confusion of the British was given
out, a Virginia regiment had been surround-
ed and captured, it was difficult in the mist
and smoke to distinguish friend from foe,
and when the parley was beaten at Chew's,
it was taken by many of the undisciplined
Americans for the beginning of a retreat. "We
are surrounded!" cried some. "The retreat
is beaten!" cried others. And in spite of all
the efforts of their officers, several of the
regiments turned and fled.

On the confused mass came crying back
up the main street, breaking the lines of Bal-
livan's brigade, it was evident that all the
chances of success had passed, and Wash-
ington reluctantly gave the order to retreat.
And thus had roads, and mist, and the mis-
take delay set in, and the British were given
the time to surround them, and the misde-
manding of a drum-beat, lost the battle of
Germantown.

CHAPTER II.

A handsome man, and, more, a lovable;
And, though an enemy, our honor tells
Duties of friendship to him give him.

By eleven o'clock the battle was over. The
mist and smoke alike had cleared away. The
smoke of the conflict had subsided into the
calm peace of a sunny autumnal morning.
And were it not for the holes and rents left
in the walls and wood-work of houses by the
passage of bullets and cannon-balls, and the
stark and ghastly bodies of the slain, and the
convulsed limbs and suppressed groans of
wounded men, no one would have supposed
that the hurricane of war had so recently
darkened and desolated the apparently care-
less and unassuming heavens.

Beth Williams and his visitors, standing at
his front door, had seen Cornwallis dash on
after the retreating Americans at the head
of his cavalry, all wet with the sweat and foam
of their rapid gallop from Philadelphia—had
seen the grenadiers and Highlanders, panting
and exhausted with their six miles run,
slung themselves down to rest upon the
sloping banks of the river, and on the steps of
the houses—and then had gone in to partake of a
country dinner, which Mrs. Williams had
prepared for them. The young ladies also
with but a moderate appetite, for they felt
tired, not only for their meals, but for the
other officers of the British army whom they
knew intimately, although Mrs. Williams's
food was of the best, and served on the
clearest of pewter platters. A latter padding
which she had rolled in a bag, and which
was eaten with butter and West India mol-
lasses, was of itself enough to have tempted
the appetite of an epicure—if any epicure
ever had a real and genuine appetite. But it
was in vain she pressed her viands upon her
visitors—they were too anxious at heart to
enjoy anything but good news.

"Now," said Beth, as she rose from the
table, "I will travel up towards friend
Chew's, and see if I can find your niece,
young women, and let him know where you
are, and that you are safe and hearty."

The ladies looked their thanks.



MARKET SQUARE, GERMTOWN—AS IT WAS.

(From William's Anecdotes.)

"As for Morris, I'm glad we got him so
soon up stairs—for if any of those peevy
soldiers should come peeping in here, they
might make both him and us trouble."

Fitting on his slouch hat, Beth left the
house, and made his way up the street.
The first soldier he met, upon the marble
carried the wounded into the nearest house
and other buildings, where the surgeons were
busily employed. Others omitted by the
citizens were already burying the dead, sev-
eral of whom, as Beth saw, had been pin-
dered to the very skin, and were lying livid
to blackness, and almost asked, on the side
of the road, where they had either crawled
themselves, or been dragged by others.

"And these be Christian men, who read
and tear each other in this savage fashion!"
thought Beth. "For my part, I never could
call myself a Christian, if I took part in
such horrid doings."

A short distance brought him to Judge
Chew's place. Everything looked indeed as
if a tornado had passed through there. The
eldest patient, from top up, the marble
statues and vases mutilated and overthrown,
branches of the trees were broken off, and
hanging over and strewn the walks—and the
faded mansion itself, with its doors and
shutters riddled with bullets, was torn with
cannon balls, and blackened with fire and
smoke. Above, scarcely a pane of glass or
an entire window-cash remained. Soldiers
were moving about, looking as dirty and
grimy as the house itself—their faces black-
ened with gunpowder, and their clothes torn
and soiled.

"Where can I find the Colonel?" asked
Beth of one of them.

The soldier looked at him for a moment,
and simply pointed to the front of the house.

A cursed Quaker," said he to a comrade,
as they passed on.

Suddenly Colonel Mungraves turned, and
perceived him. Advancing towards him with
rapid strides, he confronted him, saying—

"You bring me word of my niece's? Are
they safe?"

"Safe! But mightily distressed to hear
from thee," replied Beth.

"How far off are they? I will go to them
this minute."

"What, so near?" said the Colonel, when
Beth told him. "Tell them I will come in a
few moments, and will highly delight with his
share as we had designed. Poor girls, they must
be anxious to reach home."

Beth returned. And in a few moments
Colonel Mungraves was at the door—and in
his niece's arms. He had escaped without a
scratch—and was highly delighted with his
share in the fight. "We met and rolled back
the whole rebel army!" exclaimed he, with
paradoxical exaggeration. "They dashed against
our stone fort like waves against a rock—
and they have made no impression on my
gallant Fortieth!"

Helen smiled proudly, and kissed his
bronzed cheek. "You are my own gallant
uncle, my father's dearest friend; and the
Fortieth is the bravest regiment in the ser-
vice!" But a vision of the scene, and the
hurt—any one that we know?"

A shadow settled on the Colonel's face.
"Alas, the greatest victory will have its
sacrifices. The cruel M'Intosh of War ways
demanded his living victims. Many of my
best officers and men are dead, and others
maimed for life. Captain Campbell is
dead. Legrange is wounded. Simpson has
lost his leg. Orville his arm. Oh, it is a
big, cruel list!"

"May God's mercy be with the dead and
with the living!" said Isabelle, fervently,
while the tears stood in her eyes.

"And out of it, your own regiment?"
Helen asked from the main body?" in-
quired Helen eagerly.

"Only partially. General Agnew is dead,
and every body's, for that matter. And not
far from this spot."

"It must have been that last sudden
volley," said Helen; "startling us with
its smallness, when we thought all was
over."

A small body of rebels threw them-
selves in his front from the side of the
road; he was leading on his troops, but
turned his horse to ride back as he saw them.
They delivered a volley and fled, shooting
him in the back. Alas, poor Agnew—he was
a noble fellow!"

"Was General Grey's division in the
action," pursued Helen, her cheek coloring
a rather deeper red; "and is the General
safe?"

"Have heard nothing of him to the contrary;
he brought up the left wing in good time,
and did good service. Trust our 'No Flint'
for that."

"Is Major Tarleton safe?" still queried
Helen.

"And General Grey's aid, Captain Andre?"
added Isabelle, with a glad heart sister.

"Yes, I think Tarleton and Andre are
both safe. I saw Grey for a moment, and
he said nothing of Andre's being hurt, which
he certainly would have done, if it had been
so, for Andre is such a favorite of his—and
of everybody's, for that matter."

Helen seemed at length satisfied. And
the conversation then turned upon the young
ladies and their adventures. Nothing was
said however about "Moll of the hatchet,"
or the wounded American officer—the young
ladies calmly not feeling quite certain of
their ground, as their uncle, with all his
kindness, had very little respect for rebels,
and just at that moment especially, could
not be expected to be in a very plausible and
forgiving mood. They introduced him for-
mally, however, to Beth and his wife, and
said how greatly they were indebted to their
kindness. And the Colonel testified his
gratitude in a few simple and manly words,
ending with an intimation to them to let him
know if any of the British soldiers gave
them trouble, as he might be able to set
matters straight.

"And now, girls," cried he, "let us mount
and ride."

The young ladies went up stairs to get
their riding caps, as they said—but also to
say a few words doubtless to Lieutenant
Morris, who, with the rest and the
rum and a little food, was already quite
another man. He was still weak however
from the loss of blood, though Beth said
that his wound was by no means a serious
one.

"I scarcely know how to thank you,
ladies; you probably saved my life," said he
with great earnestness, as they announced
their intention of leaving.

"Oh, it was all Helen's doing," replied
Isabelle.

would just be a man after your own heart,"
said the Colonel, in a surprised tone.

"After Helen's heart? Why, uncle!"
jested Isabelle.

"Well, there are some things which it is
not pretty to just about," said Helen, with
offensive dignity.

"Of course Helen understood what I
meant," said the Colonel, who was not a
very keen appreciator of a joke. "But as
for Andre, even Arthur Pemberton, who, I
believe, is your great admiration, Helen,
admitted him to the utmost, if one
would judge by their great intimacy on so
short an acquaintance."

"Arthur Pemberton is the most splendid
man I know," said Helen, decidedly.

The Colonel opened his honest eyes.
"Well, Helen, all I have to say is, that I
have no objection to Arthur Pemberton, but
one, and that is a very serious one—I do not
believe he is more than half loyal."

"Oh, I have no intention of marrying
him, uncle—nor he of marrying me. When
at last in love, if I ever do, it shall be with a
thoroughly loyal man."

"Arthur Pemberton is an true and con-
scientious man as the most loyal and de-
voted subject of the Crown!" exclaimed Is-
abelle, her dark eyes kindling, and her cheeks
flushing.

Helen gave a little laugh. "Of course he
is, etc.—uncle knows I allow no one to abuse
Mr. Pemberton, but myself."

"And yet, Isabelle, I would rather not hear
you speak in that way," rejoined Colonel
Mungraves. "It seems to undermine the
greatness and worth of loyalty—and fall
in with the hateful rebel fashion of
talking."

Isabelle made no reply. And soon she
began a conversation with her uncle upon
the beauty of the autumnal woods, and the
delightful temperatures of the autumn
season in that part of the country, which
lasted until they arrived at the house of Mrs.
Pemberton, with whom they were reading.

CHAPTER IV.

He shall not be molested. What, I say
He shall not! Tell me! What are we women
for that?

Mrs. Pemberton—or Rachel Pemberton,
as she preferred to be called—was a widow
of considerable means, and a member of the
Society of Friends. She lived with her only
son, Arthur Pemberton, in a large brick
house, which stood at that time on Chestnut
street about thirty rods from the river, and
laid out, extending on the west and in the
rear to Dock creek, which was large enough
for boating and skating. Distinctly related
to the Grahams, and taking a warm liking
to them on acquaintance, she had proposed to
the ladies to board with her as long as
they should decide to remain in Philadel-
phia—a rather indefinite period. Brought
from their school at Bethlehem before the
war, by their father, who was an officer in
the British service, and stationed temporarily
in Philadelphia, she had never known Mrs.
Pemberton's mother's care, and in Mrs.
Pemberton they seemed to find a mother.

At the breaking out of the war, they had
left the house, and had been living in the
new of the aged lady with whom their lot
had been so opportunely cast.

Colonel Mungraves was an old friend of
their father's, and had consented to let her
live with him, and to call him uncle—though he really
was not related to them. They had some
property—not very much, but ample for
their personal support—they were connect-
ed through their mother, not only, as we
have seen, with the Grahams, but with
others of the old Quaker families of the city,
and were thus so advantageously situated as
two orphaned girls could well be.

They were beautiful girls, or, rather, women.
Finely formed, clear-skinned, intelli-
gent, and full of spirit. Isabelle, with
dark eyes and dark brown hair—Helen with
blue eyes and gold-brown curls; the first
calm, self-possessed and equable; the latter
more impulsive—more a creature of the
emotions and the passions. The one might
be called the more quietly and charming,
the other the more spirited and fascinating.
Both were among the most bewitching women
of a city, whose belles ad an impartial
judge, Mrs. John Adams, termed "a con-
stellation of beauties."

After the scenes already de-
scribed, the two sisters were seated in a little
sitting-room adjoining their chamber. Helen
was leaning over a lot of old letters—reading
a few lines here and there, and commenting
on their contents. At last she broke out
into a clear and ringing laugh.

"Just hear this, Beth! Now I want to read
you what you wrote me about Arthur Pen-
berton, when I was at Bethlehem, and you
here in Philadelphia on a visit."

"You need not trouble yourself to read it,
Helen. I think I can remember it without a
reading."

"Oh, but I must—in fact, I want to re-
fresh my own memory," said the laughing
tear.

"Just listen, Beth:—

"(Not so tall that he cannot be conveniently
kissed," interpolated Helen)—"his features
are clearly cut—his eyes a bluish-gray—his
chin dimpled—his mouth finely formed—
'just ripe and sweet enough,' again inter-
posed Helen, as she was writing of her
fascinating smile."

"Helen, you could greatly oblige me by
giving me that letter," interrupted Isabelle,
holding out her hand.

"Indeed I could not think of such a
thing. Why, it is the very treasure of all
that you are off again. Think of the
lightful opera, grand tragedies—Joe Jef-
ferson, and all that, and you out in the bleak,
desolate country with nothing but piny old
fields to look at. Oh! don't, don't, my dar-
ling May."

The summer temperature of the parlor
where we sat, with all its dear familiar ob-
jects, the thought of fond friends "next
door," across the street and for solid squares
around; hourly ringings at the door-bell,
merry voices coming and going; quiet even-
ings for church, and the fine excitement
of dress, opera, etc., as I had just been re-
minded; and last but not least, the tender
pleading of the dear voice whose deep,
earnest tones I had learned to like so well,
all these tender influences whispered "Don't
go" with a potent, ineffable charm; while I
almost heard the wind whistle across the
"piny old fields" as I sat. But I thought of
beating true-hearted Richard, and hopeful
Lou, bearing up under the wreck of their
fortunes, and gone out from the concrete
still left to me to a little country place,
where Richard's profession, with his limited
knowledge of farming, was to make them a
living, and my resolution was unshaken.

"I can look at Richard and Lou, and
their dear faces will be company for me," I
said seriously, as I suffered my hand to
linger in Jack's.

"How happy they will be to have me
until they get used to the great change. And
my thoughts were lost in the picture as I
gazed at the glowing coils."

"Very well, perhaps, for Dr. Chester and
lady," broke in Jack, dryly, half angrily.

"But who has any consideration for John
Dormer, Esq.? If Miss Mattie Burr fails to
amuse me, I think I shall get drunk every
evening, or play cards all night."

I had seen Jack once or twice in my life
when I thought he had tasted something be-
sides his tea, and this unusually threat
provoked me a little, though I saw it was
made with a sort of childish petulance; but re-
membering his allusion to Mattie Burr, the
smile came back to my lips. He was re-

threatening him with the indignation of
Colonel Mungraves, Beth said, that he could
obtain a pardon until the afternoon.

"I did not like to mention your names,"
said Beth, "and yet I am afraid that Colonel
Mungraves may hear of the matter from that
brutal Captain, and may he knows nothing
about the Lieutenant's pardon."

"Perhaps we had better write to uncle
upon the subject," said Isabelle to her sister;
"and yet he will wonder that we did not
write to Mr. Williams."

"But 'in for a penny, in for a pound.'
Cunningham shall not have him! Could you
not find Captain Andre, if I should give you
a note to him?" turning to Beth.

"He is not one of these things which I
admit, and along with General Grey, I
think I know the young man—rather, grand-
looking, is he not? dark-complexioned? brown
eyes? almost always smiling?"

"A pretty good description," laughed
Isabelle, "though (in a whisper to her
sister) 'hardly up to the mark' in com-
pense, etc. Helen will write to him!"

For answer, Helen opened the writing-
desk attached to a large mahogany bed-
case, and wrote as follows:—

"Helen Graham's compliments to Captain
Andre, and would be grateful if the Captain
could do her a service. A rebel lieutenant,<

...ange, one day went with me to the
ped in a cell that I did not see who
were a good many young ladies in the

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WIT AND HUMOR.

THE INHABITANT.

The following is a letter from Mark Twain's new book, entitled "Laughing It," now in process of publication. It is an account of a "back-slash" view of New York life.

In Nevada there used to be a current story of an advantage of two of her nabobs, which may or may not have occurred. I give it for what it is worth.

Colonel Jim had been somewhat of the wit and humor man of the town; but he had never been a city. These two, however, were different. They reached San Francisco in the night, and called in the morning. Arriving in New York, Colonel Jim said:

"You heard all of carriage all my life, and now I am to have a ride in one; I don't care what it costs. Come along."

They stepped out on the sidewalk, and Colonel Jim called a stylish hackman. But Jack said:

"No, sir. Name of your cheap John taxi-cab fellow. I'm back to have a good time, and money ain't any object. I want to have the suburban rig that's going. How here comes the very trick. Stop that fellow who with the pleasure on it—don't you fret—I'll show all the company myself. I'll take it in New York? By George, I wish they could see me."

Then he put his head out of the window, and shouted to the driver:

"Hey, Johnny, this is me!—come your way, you know. I want this cab for all day. I'm on it. Well make it all right with you, money!"

The driver passed his hand through the strap-belt, and tapped for his fare—it was before the group came. After a moment the driver said he could not make change.

"Better the change! It'd do it out. Put it in your pocket."

The omnibus stopped and a young lady got in. Colonel Jack stared for a moment, then made of Colonel Jim with his other.

"Don't say a word," he whispered. "Let her ride if she wants to. Gracious, there's room enough."

The young lady got out her porte-monnaie and handed her fare to Colonel Jack.

"What's this for?" said Colonel Jack. "Give it to the driver, please."

"Take back your money, madame. We can't allow it. You're welcome to ride here as long as you please, but this shabaz's chartered, we shan't let you pay a cent."

An old lady with a basket climbed, and proffered her fare.

"Excuse me," said Colonel Jack. "You are perfectly welcome here, madame, but we can't allow you to pay. Set right down here, madame, and don't pay the least penny. Make yourself as free as if you were in your own town."

Within two minutes, three gentlemen, two fat women and a couple of children, entered.

"Come right along, friends," said Colonel Jack. "Don't mind us. This is a free blow out. Then he whispered to Colonel Jim:

"New York ain't no awful place, I don't reckon—it ain't no name for it."

He resumed every effort to pass fare to the driver, and made every effort to get the omnibus to stop. The omnibus, however, did not stop, and he delivered himself up to the enjoyment of the episode. Half a dozen more passengers entered.

"Oh, there's plenty of room," said Colonel Jack. "We'll right in and make yourselves at home. A blow-out ain't no body has company. Then in a whisper to Colonel Jim:

"But ain't these New Yorkers friendly? And ain't they good about it? I reckon they ain't where I reckon they ain't! I reckon it's a house, if it was going their way."

More passengers got in, more yet, and still more. Both men were filled, and a file of men were standing up, holding on to the doors over their heads. The omnibus, however, did not stop, and he delivered himself up to the enjoyment of the episode. Half a dozen more passengers entered.

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"But ain't these New Yorkers friendly? And ain't they good about it? I reckon they ain't where I reckon they ain't! I reckon it's a house, if it was going their way."

Leave from a Pocket Diary.

No. 10.

THE TRAP-DOOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CAPTAIN CARRER.

It is a pretty scene to a lover of nature. A large old-fashioned farm-house, not squarely down upon an eminence, and blinking in the reflection of a September sunset, from the top of a hill.

Every door and window stood invitingly open—there being two reasons for this condition of things—the one, that the September air was usually as soft as summer, the other, that the house was in the early stages of its renovation.

Farmer Goodwin had been busy since buying, in repairing the capacious house, which, with the farm, had descended in a legacy from grandfather to father, and then to the son.

Most of the time for two or three years had been spent in the house, and this very autumn by the sale of a piece of heavy timbered land he had folded away in the spacious family vault the nest egg of two thousand dollars.

The faint suggestion of repairing the house that Mr. Goodwin made, was caught up by the girls, Martha and Susan, and the old gentleman had no more peace until he went to the matter.

"Hansen and I," ejaculated the father, "we start about it, where will it stop? One part of the house needs looking after as much as the other."

"Certainly," said mother Goodwin. "Take the four rooms below to have plastered, and while you are about it finish the chambers over the roof."

"While this goes on, are we to live in a barn?" quoth he. "We can manage a week in this pleasant weather, to live in the L. There's the dining-room and our bedroom."

"But the girls?"

"Land sakes! I've got a bed into the store-room of the summer kitchen."

"My sakes!" said mother, and that risky trap-door in the middle of the room, and right over the deep old cellar. Father, I do wish that you would see to that place; it gives me the shivers to think of it."

"Can't do anything, ma'am; howsoever, the girls can sleep there by straddling their bedstead over the old trap-door."

"And there's that tiny little fire-place that you never would let us use," said Susan. "We could pick up some pitch-pine, and place it there, and the merry young girl laughed at her own conceit. Martha, the elder daughter and oracle of the family, thought the matter over, and declared that she and Susan could go along finely in the little unused apartment, while matters were drying off in the house."

"Because father," she added, with a slight shudder, "it will be so nice to be all fixed up before hawking and apple-bee time."

Thus it came to pass, that on this lovely September day circumstances about the farm-house were just as we have described them. Early that very morning the good man and his wife had taken the old road mare, and driven fifteen miles to the city to look up a bit of new furniture to put in the south parlor.

Go to Aunt Downing's and stay all night—give our love to Mary and Grace," were the parting words of the girls.

"That up early; and I take Tiger in from his kennel if I feel any scared, was what mother said last."

Look out for your pocket-book, gals," warned the old gentleman. "You had better look after that, for no knocking but that your dowsies are in there; and with a good-natured laugh, the old couple drove away."

"Now for a regular holiday," said Susan, merrily. "What shall we do to pass away the leisurely time?"

"There is plenty of work," said practical Martha; "beds to make, churning to do, and pillow—"

"Don't, don't, enumerate," pleaded her sister. "Give me so much to accomplish, and then I want to play!"

Martha pinched her sister's rosy cheek, and went about her labor.

There was a difference of eight years between the sisters. The mounds in the churchyard showed where the several links had fallen between the sister's lives; and Martha having been old enough to feel the loss of more than one of the family circle, was a thoughtful, careful, steady girl of twenty-four.

Susan, the pet of them all, and the "baby," had no remembrance of life but childhood, and bright eyes, and was gay and full of fun.

Along in the forenoon of this memorable day, with a pall upon her arm, Susan had crossed the road to bring some cool water from a spring adjoining, or on her return to the house, she had been both surprised and delighted, like all young girls might have been, to observe a pack peddler coming up the rise. The woman had hurried forward to greet Martha of the interesting fact.

Early that very morning the good man and his wife had taken the old road mare, and driven fifteen miles to the city to look up a bit of new furniture to put in the south parlor.

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A FREE TRANSLATION.

Two (exercises to learn).—"Nid Dominus, friend—what does that mean, William?"

William (who boasts of a University education).—"Oh, you see, Nid means one thing, 'Dominus' means another, but I'm blest if I know what 'friend' means."

was fastened. "But, Tiger," she said, "I will hear better and watch full as well outside in the night," so she slipped off her chain, gave him his supper and left him in his kennel. All this time she returned to find the dog in the middle of a fine-finding upon the miniature hearth in the little room which they had fitted up for a bedroom. But before settling down for the evening, Martha was at the door, she called the dog in, and he came to her, and she gave him a piece of bread, and he went back to his kennel.

For upon that vital moment the only plan of salvation had dawned upon her mind—a plan—but could it be accomplished? Her first thought was a petition went up to that Being whom, in our safer moments, we are apt to forget.

Martha's thought was, could her sister retain composure for a brief time, not knowing from whether the danger threatened to come? But the younger girl, always relying upon Martha's superior judgment, knew full well that she was not being deceived, and strove to talk incessantly to her pet.

From the position of the substance against which Martha's foot had struck, she knew that the robber haggard close to the wall, but could she accomplish her project in time? As she ran out doors, she allowed Tiger to go into the entry—no farther.

Expecting every instant to hear her sister cry murder, she took the padlock key from her pocket and unlocked the cellar door. Stepping inside with the axe in hand, with one blow she knocked the trap-door prop away, and still retaining her axe, tossed it outside, and dashing for the stairway, hauled the heavy double-pedlock door in place, put the tongue of the padlock into the staple and locked it.

Then, dashing in to the door, she called Tiger after her, and sprang into the room where Susan sat, more frightened at the noise of the falling door than she had been at the horrible whisper.

With a howl the huge dog tore under the bed. Then, and not until then, did there come the sound of a leap or fall below. He had evidently caught by the edge as the door fell under him, but at the howl of the dog had loosed his hold.

"Quick, Susan! Quick! Help me to haul out the bedstead, so that I can guard the aperture while you run and arouse Mr. Durgan. By the way, the key is the brass girl's whisper."

"Oh, Martha—oh, Martha!" cried the terrified girl.

"Run—run! No time is to be lost! and pushing her trembling sister towards the door, she rushed to a dark corner, where the dog crouching ready for a spring, whined his impatience at restraint.

The fire died down, and strange shadows leaped and fought upon the walls. The man in the cold battered the small door with the prop, but it would not yield.

He then sought to stand the prop against the aperture, so as to ascend by means of it, but it was too short, and there were no loose stones which he could pile up to rest it upon. He threatened and swore, and finally fired his pistol through the opening in the floor, hoping, at least, to kill the dog, which at every separate attempt of the ruffian to leap up, uttered a warning and savage growl.

Martha wisely spoke no word, but with nerves like sinews of steel, covered among the shadows, she lay in hand. Room there was the sound of running feet outside, and farmer Durgan and his sturdy sons and hired men were on the scene of action.

"Oh Martha! Is Martha killed?" panted Susan, rushing in with them.

For answer, she was clasped in her sister's arms. A few moments' consultation followed.

"I'm not going to wait here like a cat by a mouse-hole," said impetuous Susan. "I'll go and get some pitch-pine to burn."

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